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A. 1701

T H E

Dispensary Transvers'd;

O R,

The Consult of Physicians.

20602/P

A

P O E M.

In Six C A N T O S.

Occasion'd by the Death of His Late H. the
D. of G — r.

Prætulerim scriptor delirus, inersque videri;
Dum mea delectent mala me, vel deniq; fallant,
Quam sapere, & ringi. —

Horat.

L O N D O N,

Printed for John Nutt, near Stationers-
Hall, 1701.



TO HIS
Very much Honour'd
FRIEND

Lieutenant Colonel

THO. MOYLE, Esq;

SIR,

THAT fulsom Flattery Poets in this latter Age have been guilty of, not only in their Dedications, but in their very Poems, tho' the Design thereof was far remote, and not in the least relating to the Commendation or Characters of great Personages, is a sufficient Index and Guide to me to avoid it with all the Care imaginable towards a Gentleman of your Great Worth and Generosity, whom I very well know to hate Flattery, as intirely as you do Knavery, justly esteeming the Principles of both Abominable and Nauseous. For, indeed,

The Dedication.

Flattery, if at any time seasonable, ought as much to be wrapt in clean Linen, as obscene Discourses, and so perhaps it may please the Fancy well enough, and tickle the Imagination for a time; but if it be vented in such fulsom Expressions and nauseous Characters, as some I could mention, it presently begets a Surfeit, and an Understanding Man loathes it as much as the full Stomach does the Hony-Comb. Thus where I find the Poet spreading his Net over the whole Generation of Mankind, now praising the Churchmen, then extolling the Dissenters; here commending the Courtier, and there the Alderman, as that Pattern of Diligence and Industry, which ought not to be expos'd and ridicul'd on a publick Stage, I presently reflect on My Lord Plausible, and esteem these his Commendatory Characters, and superficial Glosses of Praise, to be either so many flights of Phansie, to shew the Poet's Ingenuity, or else so many Baits to catch and lure the Rich unthinking part of Mankind, to promote a private Profit, or self-Interest by popular

The Dedication.

uplar Recommendations : For, indeed, if I mistake not (to give but one single Instance) the Stage cannot expose an Alderman, unless that Alderman first expose himself, and, by a ridiculous Carriage and Behaviour, become the Subject of Scorn and Contempt ; because the Constitution of our Government is such, that by it 'tis made a place of Honour and Dignity, and (to comply with the Sentiments before hinted) becomes generally the Product and Reward of Great Diligence and Industry. But, if he that is made an Alderman be plac'd in a Post too high for his Head to bear, and that Honour he has attain'd to makes him giddy ; so that by Mismanagement, or Imprudent Conduct, he exposes the Dignity of his Place, and gives the Stage-Player subject Matter of Jest, Who can Interpret this, The Ridiculing the Diligent Industrious Alderman, but rather the Man himself, in whom that Dignity is invested ? He seems to be too unproportion'd for the bulky Honour he has attain'd and the Port he is to carry on in that Station, too unwieldy for his Prudence and Discretion,

The Dedication.

cretion, and therefore may justly deserve to be expos'd.

But, to wave this Subject, as savouring too much (I must own) of a too unseasonable Digression to be inserted in a Dedication: Give me leave, Sir, to let the World know, without Flattery, the just Character you have, and deserve, every way making up that of a compleat Gentleman. It is you, Sir, That in that general Conversation with Mankind I have had, have shown me the exact Pattern and Example of a true English Gentleman; of a Friend without Dissimulation, and as constant in Afflictions as in Prosperity, and one who can never be byass'd to do the least unjust Action for the Reward, or Promise of the greatest Advantages whatever: The Antiquity of your Name and Family, those slender props by which some Men only support their Gentility, without any just Merit of their own, has never prompted you to value your self above what in reality you may, and ought to do, as being Descended from an Ancient Honourable Stock; but the just Esteem you have coveted in the World, and may, indeed, as justly deserve, has been

The Dedication.

been only to show an Education suitable to your Birth, and that the Conduct of your Life and Actions might never bring a blemish on, or degenerate from the Honour of your Ancestors. I must confess, That perfect knowledge of the French Tongue you have attained to, and of Mankind in general, are qualifications that may recommend you to the Conversation of Men in the greatest Station; but your Prudence has always been so eminently Conspicuous, that your choice of Converse, has rather been good Company, than a great and glittering Title without the Sincerity of a hearty Friend, appears no more than the Varnish of an uneasy Conversation. *In fine, Sir, 'tis in you I find the Sincerity of a True Englishman, the Loyalty of an honest Patriot, the Perfections of a Traveller, without the Vanity and Affectation that usually attends the generality of them, and, indeed, all such accomplishments that finish a compleat Gentleman; therefore to say any more will but increase the bulk of the Dedication, and your suspicion, that I my self may fall into the same Sink of Flattery, which I condemn

The Dedication.

demin in others ; wherefore I crave leave thus abruptly to break off , by letting the World have these few hints of your incomparable Virtues and Endowments which your Conversation to those who shall be emulous of it, will more fully discover, than the Pen of him, who begs you with Candour, to accept this mean grateful acknowledgement for all those many considerable Obligations you have laid on

Your

very humble

Servant,

THE

THE

P R E F A C E.

THAT incomparable Poem call'd, *The Dispensary*, as it is said to be an imitation of Mounsieur Boileau, so has it given Birth to this; and I am not ashame'd to own my self an *Imitator*, so I can but gain that Esteem from the World, to be said to have *closely* follow'd the Foot-steps of such ingenious Authors. *Si presso legerim vestigia gressu — quamvis non passibus equis.* As the Poet expresses himself. I am too sensible, alas! of the many Faults this Poem has for want of those judicious Correcting Hands the *Dispensary* underwent before it was Publish'd, besides the gross Errata of the Printer, and that some will be apt to interpret it to be sent into the World, like the scape Goat into the Wilderness, bearing the Errours and blunders of the Author; however, let their constructions be what they will, I have this satisfaction within my self, That if the better and more judicious part of

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Mankind will not condemn the whole, by Reason of some few uncorrect Verses in this Poem, that I run but the common risque of all Authors who know it to be impossible to please all Mankind, and consequently must expect to be censured, tho' I doubt not but to meet with some of that true and genuine Candour, as

— *Ubi plura nitent in Carmine, paucis.
Neq; quam offendit maculis —*

As to the Design of this Poem, it is evident enough, being not only to show the Folly and Vanity of Consultation by a Multitude —

Of grave Physicians at a Consult met
About each Symptom how they disagree,
But how unanimous in case of Fee ;
And whilst one *Assassin*, another plies,
With starch'd Civilities the Patient dies. Dispens. Cant. 5.

But also to represent to the World, the deplorable State the Practice of Physick now lies under for want of Good Laws to support and defend its Professors. Amongst all the enormous Crimes and Faults objected against the King of France, his Enemies never could upbraid him that he permitted Mechanicks to encroach on the Liberties of Men of Learning and ingenuous Education ; but on the contrary, wherever he found such Men, he protected them by his Edicts, and sustain'd

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sustain'd them by his Power, and by a kind of universal Influence took particular care that Men of Learning should never want advantageous Privileges and Encouragements; as does at this Day most evidently appear in aggrandizing the Noble Faculty of Physick, and suffering no Quacks or others mechanically Bred to invade the Rights, or Dignity of the Profession. But amongst us, to our shame be it spoken, every one that has but a Physical Receipt or two is permitted to make what Assaults he can upon the Life of Man (for Practice of Physick without true Learning and sound Judgment to support it, I can call no better) without the least fear of being punish'd for an Homicide, in case the Patient Dies. And indeed, in such a Nation as ours, where scarce any single Grievance is found, but immediately a Law is made to redress it; 'tis very surprizing that so noble a Profession should want its Bulwarks and Defence, especially seeing *Life*, the most valuable thing in the World, and for the loss of which scarce ever sufficient Compensation can be made, is the subject of their Care and Study. In Matters of lesser moment and concern than our Lives, I mean our Worldly Estates, we are diligent and assiduous to suffer no Encroachments to be made, and if it be but a thing of trivial Weight, that our Neighbour perhaps has unjustly claim'd

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ticeship to a Professor of Physick, at least, that they may not range so uncontroul'd as they do, before they are approv'd to be fitly qualifi'd for Practice: This would also retrench a little our *Scotch* Colonies from planting themselves in this great City, and especially the Northern Parts of *England* in a most plentiful manner, who generally study Physick out of a bravado of Gentility, to show the World that they are not quite stupid enough for the worthy Employment of a *Kirk-Preacher*, therefore will Study Physick for Accomplishment, and matter not how little time they thus employ their Studies; for as soon as they have liv'd one half Year in *England*, and as much perhaps at *Leyden* they are perfect and compleat Physicians. Thus Learning runs into irregular Channels, and the Incouragement it ought to have, and the Support it might have from good Laws is quite lost, and by these means brought into Contempt and Scorn.

As to the Character of Physicians here mention'd, they are such as I have observ'd both in Town and Country, especially in the North of *England*, to be very applicable to several of the Members of that worthy Faculty, but as they are given in general, so I hope they will remain, and no Man will claim one here particularly to himself, or Esteem it a Reflection, seeing it is from Guilt, only that any general

Head

The Preface.

Head becomes a particular Reflection, as the consciousness of a Sinner misinterprets often the Sentences of a Preacher as peculiar to himself. If what I have said relating to the Noisy pretender to Physick, or to the Gentleman-Physician, who loves his Sports equal to his Profession: To the regular Physician, who makes the Practice and Study of Physick his sole peculiar Province, or to the *Scotch*, or *Leyden* Brood; I say, if what I have said to either of these may give occasion that they may amend in themselves, whatever may seem to degenerate from the Dignity and Honour of their Profession, or incite the Nation to encourage that *Noble Faculty*, by fencing them with Power, and Laws to restrain the Exorbitant Practices of unqualified and ignorant Pretenders to Physick; I shall have more than sufficient Compensation for my Labours, and Endeavours to a Reformation.

I shall only add a Word or two and then conclude, which is to obviate that common Objection *from the greatness of the Physicians Fees*, seeming to infer a necessity to employ Men, who will stoop to meaner Terms than Physicians will, or in Honour can do. To which I Answer, That if the Apothecary manage the Patient, 'tis odds but that he gets double the Advantage by pouring in Medicines on him more than would have paid the Physician,

The Preface.

sician, and the necessary Medicines too. If the Quack manage, he is an unpardonable gripper generally, and grinds the Face of the poor for Medicines that cost little, and are worth nothing. As to the Country Practitioner, it must be a good Patient indeed, that Rewards the Physician with above 2 s. 6 d. per Visit now-a-days, that is, among such Men, the meanness of whose Fortune and Circumstances may prompt them to complain, tho' others again Reward their Physician generously enough, where they have a plentiful Estate. Where then is the just ground of Compliment? If a Man of a narrow Fortune expects a *Raff*, or a *Mil-ton*, where a *Pe-ey*, or a *Gr-it* would serve, the Fault of his extravagance centers in himself, for for the best Wares he must expect; as others do, to pay the best Prizes.

THE

The Dispensary Transver's'd;

O R,

The Consult of London Physicians.

C A N T O I.

TELL me, *Apollo*, for thou best dost know,
[Mettals too;
The power of Roots, and Plants, and
From whence does solemn Consultation spring?
What safety more than two Physicians bring?
Will Number best encounter a Disease?
Or is't a way to drain more numerous Fees?
Why all this pomp, and formal pageantry
To usher in approaching Destiny?

B

Plac'd

Plac'd near those Banks whom ancient silver
Devours, and washes with her winding streams;

Erected on a tow'ring Hill, there stands

A pleasant prospect o'er the distant Lands.

A stately Pile; and old Majestick Seat,

Where British Kings in privacy retreat;

With ease and quiet to unbend their Cares,

And Minds relax, fatigu'd with State Affairs.

Here Vario's Art in curious perspect shines,

And Pictures seem to Speak their great designs;

How Virgin by a Dragon close pursu'd,

To her Protector tells her gratitude:

In every Stroke, her Passion seems t'impart,

And Fear, and Joy, throb at the Virgins Heart.

How ancient Kings in Iron Buskins fought,
And Gallic Tyrants in subjection brought ;
How suppliant *France* petitions for a Peace,
Whilst our Triumphant Monarchs Rule the Seas ;
And flaming Hulls of routed Fleets supply
Defect of Day, and light the gloomy Sky.

Around this Pile, dispers'd o'er Neighbouring
[Lawns,
The lofty Stag, and Buck, and wanton Fawns,
The Sport of Kings, and uncontrol'd Delight,
Add grace and lustre, ev'n to distant sight.

But now no Footsteps of Delight are seen ;
This Seat of Pleasure draws a Mourning Scene ;
The lofty Stag now hangs his drooping Head,
The nimble Buck his large Brow-antlers shed ;

4 *The Dispensary transvers'd ; or,*

The trembling Fawns forget their am'rous Dames,

And the whole Herd a secret Grief proclaims.

Whilst feavourish *Carlos* in Distraction lay,

With dreadful Symptoms, breathing Life away.

Carlos the tender Parents Care and Love,

The Admiration of the British Jove ;

Whose airy Youth, and early love of Arms,

Made him the Soldiers Pride, and Ladies Charms.

Carlos the English Glory, and the Prop

On whom expectant Kingdoms built their Hope ;

That in long series of successive Reigns,

Monarchs might flow from *Carlos* fruitful Loyns.

But now these hopes are vain, the grand Design,

The fatal Sisters seem to Countermine ;

And

And direful Signs expiring Life presage;

Without respect to *Carlos* youthful Age.

Howe'er *Apollo's* famous Sons they try;

None, without Battle, hopes for Victory.

Swift as an Arrow from th' extended Bow;

Nothing but Fame her self can swifter go,

To that great City, plac'd by ancient *Lud*,

Just on the Confines of *Thames* rowling Flood,

On a declining Hill (as Stories say)

To drain descending filth and jakes away;

A faithful Messenger in haste is sent,

Young *Carlos* desperate Case to represent.

As with her Rosy-Fingers Morn begun,

Stretch'd on *Olympus* top, the Rising Sun

6 *The Dispensary transvers'd; or,*
Survey'd the World with early glimmering Ray,
And Chantring Cocks proclaim'd increasing Day.
When *Carlos* to Relieve by Medicinal Care,
Three Sons of *Pæan* readily prepare.

First *Clinicus*, that celebrated Wretch,
Who puts reluctant Nature on the stretch,
To make her late or early bend to Gain,
To leave't to God knows whom to spend in vain
Mounts up the *Little Machine of himself*,
Into his Coach, to seek for Royal Pelf.
At's Birth, as Poets Sing, auspicious Fate,
His future Years predestin'd Fortunate :
Endow'd the Man with good censorious Wit,
And powerful inability to Write.

Hence

The Consult of London Physicians.

7

Hence *Coan* Dictates, he austerely Damns,
As grounds to prate for Fees, and useful Shams;
Nor can *Galenic* Wisdom tamely bear; *grovings*
Or great *Sennectus's* Praise with patience hear;
But big with's *little Self*, claims sole pretence
To grasp the whole Monopoly of Sense:
Because he knows what *Classics* are concise,
How *Horace* Drolls, and *Juv'nal* hectors Vice,
What Beauties in the *Mantuan Poet* shine,
Where Sound and Sence concur in every Line.
What *Plautus*, and what *Terence* recommends
For Physic, is the least he understands.
But he that's fam'd, and buoy'd by pop'lar Noise,
Must be a great Physician, Learn'd, and Wise;

Tho'

Tho' the sagacious World descry, and knows
How much to Conduct he great Practice owes.
The envious Criticks never durst ubraide
Grammariān *Clin'cus* as no Scholar bred :
Tho' the Pedantique Censurer, you'll find,
The solid-sound Physician has purloin'd:
What then? The Fates have recompenc'd that
He makes a careful, and indulgent Nurse.
Thus a green Tree, brought from th' Hereynian
Wood,
Made a good Beam, design'd to make a God.

But now, since vulgar Breath, and pop'lar Fame,
Has swoln, and stretch'd this Miniature of Man,
Whose Little Greatness's, rais'd by *Pharmacopes*,
T'a bulky Name, beyond desert or hope:

The Consult of London Physicians.

99

Philosophy explains the latent Cheat,
He is not *made*, but is *created* Great.
The publick Vogue that stamp'd the Character,
Not real Merit, *Clinicus* did prefer,
And gave him trust of *Carlos* broken Stealth,
A Trust so great was scarce a National Wealth;
Which he so manag'd, with such fatal Care,
And curs'd Success, as did th'event Declare:
That th' *Classic* soon did struggling Life subdue,
Tho' all was done, the poor Physician knew.

Scarce *Clinicus* was gone so far before,
As Time might just commensurate an Hour,
But *Finco* in's powder'd Wig, and shining Shoes,
With starch'd Crevat, compil'd in circling Bows:
And Snuff-box, by Old Mentor, finely wrought,
Full of best Snuff, because the dearest bought;
With which his extant Nose is nicely prim'd,
Thence to derive obstructing Flesh design'd.

C

Drove

Drove Jehu-like, as far as *Kensington*,
Where, as bright *Titan* thro' the Coach-glass Shone,
He on dependant Crevat chanc'd to see
The off-scouring of an ill-manner'd Flea ;
Which, in the *Learned Beau's* excited Spleen,
That he return'd as furiously agen.

The Cause was weighty sure, momentous Strife,
Betwixt clean Linnen, and Young *Carlos* Life :
Which first requir'd the most assiduous Care,
A Princes Health, or *Fin'co's de-bon-aire*.

But now new Rigg'd with curious Point Crevat,
And furl'd Lace Sleeves erect on's Cushion Sate,
This formal Don of *Pæan's* latter breed,
And drove Six Miles with thrice redoubl'd speed.
To make amends for th' undeserv'd delay,
With quick dispatch to make the best of's way ;
Whom unexpectedly surprizing met
A wise *Mecenas* without Title Great,

The Consult of London Physicians. II

Salutes the Beau, thus dress'd correct in's Coach,
Whose spruce Behaviour, and Devoir was such,
He must divert *Mæcenas* on the Road,
With a fine new Translated *Lyric Ode*.
But th' prudent Statesman here declin'd Delight,
And urg'd his Speed of more Concern and Weight.
Yet *Fin'co* did, and would unmask'd declare,
How my Lord ----D.---- of L. and D----esse were.
How my Lord R--b bore his Gouty pain,
Until his Jewels were found out again.
How Lady B---t. by successful Pills,
Lost a Hydropic Tumour at the Wells.
How much the C---esse---Orf--- prais'd his Arts,
How much her *Humble Lord* admir'd his Parts.

Thus He'd gon on, and told a numerous Train
Of Lords and Dukes that *Finico* retain,
But the wise Statesman press'd his Speed again.

12. *The Dispensary transvers'd; or,*
For none but Lords, and Ladies are his Theme,
No vulgar ill bred Patients come to him.
Strong Scents, tho' always nauseous from Diseas'd,
From a Lord Duke, ne're *Finico* Displeas'd.
My Ladies Issue smells like Amber Grease,
Whilst pop'lar Issues stink like common Jakes,
Such his Acute, such his sagacious Nose,
All noble Stinks from Noysom vulgar Knows.

But now *Mæcenes* roughly seems to press,
So he drove on with abrupt willingness;
And plac'd in Querpo, lolling on his Seat,
Arriv'd, before high Noon, at th' Palace Gate,

After a nice and general survey,
How's curled Locks in well set order lay;
How's shining Shoes reflect, what Air, and Grace,
Appear'd by's Orient Pocket Looking-glass.
Whether some Atome of uncivil Dust
Got into Point Creyat by under Gust

Of

Of ruffling Wind, or penetrating Air,
Had discompos'd the rest of's Attire.
In *Finico*, equipp'd thus nicely, went
With *Puny Clinicus* to the Patient.
The *Mournful Chamber* pensive Ladies Grace,
Whose Sighs add double horrour to the place.
Thick Curtains drawn, obstruct intruding Light,
And Darkness made before eternal Night:
Each doleful Waiter with Confusion struck,
Tears in his Eyes, Compassion in his look,
A Grief in private signs, and whispers spoke.

But now forerunners of approaching Death
Appear'd with shōrt, and thick contracted Breath;
The waving Tapērs burn'd obscure and dim,
Were lighted thrice, and thrice went out agen.
Behind the Wainscot clinking Death-watch struck,
Forboding Ravens, Omens of ill luck ;

14 *The Dispensary transvers'd, or,*

From the House top proclaim'd an hideous Noise,
And, with their croaking, rend the Cloudy Skies,

After the Pulse's b' experienc'd Finger pres'd,
And latent Ill's b' explanant Urine gues'd,
Both with sententious gravity Decreed
Five Ounces in this desperate case to Bleed.

Prodigious Skill! Tho' both had better been
Drolling in Lyric Odes at Hippocrene,
Or toying with the Muses Ladyships
(That Name so pretty sounds from *Fin'co*'s Lips)
Than draining, with less Judgment, little Blood,
From a so high fermented sanguine Flood.
For thoughtful *Tribulus* the Third design'd,
As yet ne're went, nor yet in consult joyn'd;
For if he promis'd, promise must intend,
With this reserve, to's Bottle and his Friend.

T H E

THE
Dispensary Transvers'd.

CANTO II.

BRight Titan now with glowing Face began
 To extend his recent Beams o're th' Estern
 And Milk Maids dagling o'er the Dewey Lawns,
 Their Morning Tribute drain from bellowing
 When something Cloudy, *Tribulus* Arose,
 After long watching, and a short Repose,
 In previous Thoughts revolving *Carlos* Doom,
 With what the two consulting weights had done:
 So, after self-debate, He's Journey took,
 The Pipe, the Bottle, and the Friend forsook.

Those

16 *The Dispensary transvers'd; or,*

Those heavy Clogs, and Drags of Quick dispatch,
Were prudently defer'd till th' Evening Watch.

Now *Tribulus* was a Man of goodly Mien,
Haughty in Looks, in Temper, yet Serene,
Addicted less to reading Books than Men.

Good Natural Judgment, and sagacious Wit,
Procur'd him generally a lucky Hit;
And he did more, by one considerate Thought,
Than others by Voluminous Writers taught.

The Cure which they *Elaborately Spun*,
He came, and saw, and *Thought*, and it was done;
So *Julius* by a look did Conquest gain,
Whilst others labour'd Victories obtain.

The Sober Party (as themselves they call)
Hate him, because not Hypocritical.

Hot with Discretion, bold without Design,
To trick, supplant, or basely Countermine.

Just faults, he reprimands, with open Zeal,
And undiscover'd Blunders will reveal.

Bold *Truths* procur'd him thus, a *Party's hate*,
Who right, or wrong's, successful Skill regret:
And thoughtful *Tribulus* vainly Scandalize,
With sottish Look, and drunken haggard Eyes,
Whilst they with *Passion drunk*, or *drunk with* [Zeal,
For the *true Kirk*, or a *gewd Common weal*,
More want of common Sense, and Reason show,
Than gorg'd with Champaigne *Tribulus* can do.
What tho' he drinks, and largely too by fits?
Yet ne're, like they, grew Drunk and lost their [Wits.

No sooner *Tribulus* to Consult came,
But that he found Disease without a Name ;
For tho' one thought an *Apoplectick Fit*,
Th' other *Small-pox*, yet neither's in the right ;

D

Therefore

Therefore their Judgments, unresolv'd suspend,
Nor yet determin'd what they did contend,
Lest the bold *Physic Hero* cut the Knot,
And lay his ready Finger on the Blot.

However, *Tribulus* presum'd to press,
To explain the Name, and Nature of the Case.

To whom thus *Clinicus* —

The dubious Symptoms vast distractions bring,
And wavering Judgments variously incline :
Sometimes, with bold unquestion'd sentiment,
We call't *Small-pox*, but then again relent.
Now it assumes a different Shape, and Face ;
Subsulting Tendons, and distorted Jaws ;
With speechless Groans, in direful Accents sent,
Unweildy Limbs too stiff for management ;
With crashing Teeth, and dismal glaring Eyes,
Short Breathings, and repeated sobbing Sighs,

Seem to denote an *Apoplectick Scene*,
As those convulsive Motions intervene;
Therefore I Stile it Apopletical,
Or else my Reason, and my Judgment fail.
'Twas my good Fortune, nicely to observe,
Branch'd from a *Plexus* once a straggling Nerve,
Which *Heavy Willis* never understood,
Nor *Diembroeck*, tho' else Divinely good :
Nay, curious *Bidloo* this, nor *C——r* knew,
Tho' he Transcribes from him, what's Old, and
[New.]

Here *Tribulus* wou'd, and did interpose,
To stop this long carreer of *Finico*'s.
What's this to Young declining *Carlos* Case?
Will Nervous Jargon cure a Disease?

T' whom *Finico* with pliant cringe — Before,
We Cure, we must the morbid Cause explore.

This Nerve from th' human Brain descending
Is center'd in the midst of spinal Bone,
Whose Head envelop'd with *Nutritious Juice*,
Drain'd from the Blood, as from a flowing Sluce,
That's *Aci'd* grown, in spight of *Pæans Art*,
Spread's a Malignity o're every Part.
Hence these Distortions, and Distractions grow,
These dorsal Pains, — So down fat *Finico*.
Thus Chrystial Fountains, Poysoned at the head,
An universal deadly Venom spread.
Impatient *Tribulus*, here inrag'd appears,
To have such learned Cobwebs stuff his Ears :
Condemn'd to hear fine trifling thus about,
The proving nothing, to find nothing out;
So turns to *Clinicus*, then fully bent,
T' unriddle, if he cou'd, what *Fin'co* meant.

A Princes Health demands peculiar Care,
Let's weigh't with Caution, and debate with Fear :
For, as slow Reason may prescribe too late,
So inconsiderate Judgment hastens Fate ;
Therefore with Thoughts deliberate express,
What's your Opinion, in the present Case.
To whom thus *Clinicus*—

Th' Animal Kingdom strangely is Embroyl'd,
In different ways, by different Factions Toyl'd ;
Amongst the Spirits, an intestine War,
As th' Feavourish Pulse, and Vomitings declare.
Here they inflame the Vitals, there they Reign
Without controul, and discompose the Brain.
Being driven thence, by Pæan's Art away,
Amongst the Chyle they new Commotions play,

[Food,
Which makes the Stomach loath ev'n grateful
Convert to Slime, and empt the Nauseous Load

Or

The Dispensary transversa, or,
Or grip'd intestines inward tumults feel,
Which they by dismal outward Symptoms tell;
Or put the spinal Nerves upon the Rack,
And pressingly torment the yielding Back.

'Tis therefore the *Small-Pox* —

For lofty *Maro* by Cumean Dame,
And fleering *Horace* in one Epigram
Tells ye that —

— What? Here *Tribulus* reply'd,
Must *Carlos* be Poetically try'd?
Is *Galen's learned grandure* come to this?
Are these the prescrips taught b' *Hippocrates*?
Where Verses Charms, or Opia'tes of his Pain,
You with a Song might Kill, and Cure again.
But now let's triffler not in *Classic Songs*,
To Cure an *Inflammation in the Lungs*,

But

But Bleed him freely, or by Cupping-glass,
Discharge the noxious Humour from the sanguine
[Mass.

So from these sage Consulters out he went,
And left them to consider what he meant ;
How far t' approve the Advice, how far to hate,
Rough *Tribulus*, for Truth, in this Debate.

Now Night, her sable Curtains just had drawn,
And hast'ning Shades pursu'd the banish'd Sun ;
The fluttering Bats, and Owles began their Flight,
Around the Verge of just extinguish'd Light ;
When from the Consult *Tribulus* return'd,
And o're Champaigne with Old *Silenus* mourn'd.
Silenus when he heard Young *Carlos* Case,
Drunk, cry'd and Drunk, and snivel'd in the Glass ;
For Old *Silenus* various Shapes put on,
And when he's Drunk, makes every Case his own,
Yea, sometimes drinks, and cries, and drinks alone.

Sometimes

Sometimes he brags of Riches, tho' the Wretch
Was ne're but *in imagination* Rich.

Now nimble *Dragon* won a New-Market Plate,
At one peculiar Race, he ne're was at,

What mighty wonders at *Namure* he'd done,
Altho' *Silenus* never saw the Town ;

For foolish Man Omnipotent grows in drink,
Turns all, and every thing that he can think,

Howe're the Sot fatigu'd with long Debauch,
Dropt his short Pipe, and reel'd into a Coach ;

Where, tho' *Salinus* then supinely lay,
With frequent Belchings snoaring time away ;

With dirty Hands, and Linnen all besmear'd,
In purple Streams drain'd from his driv'ling Beard ;

Yet in those drowsy Fits, he mutter'd *Wine*,
And ev'n in Sleep, wou'd praise, and bless the
[Vine.]

But now, as Wine inspires a second Life,
So 'tis an Opiate to distracting Grief:
Hence Healths the Moody Company began,
And Glasses briskly pass'd from Man to Man
First to the King, as first in Duty bound,
But no Distinction there of Kings was found:
Next to the Royal Prince, as justly due,
Without a fly reserve of False, or True.
For Mirth, not Politicks, was most their Care,
And change of Wine, not Government, their Fear.
Then, with a mutual Heart, and joyn't Consent,
They drank to the Resuming Parliament.
At last to Carlos, with a doleful Sigh,
One drunk, and wish'd, and pray'd's Recovery.

Here Thoughtful Tribulus fetch'd a panting Groan,
And musing, Ruminates what must be done.

26 *The Dispensary transvers'd; or,*
That Name, like Thunder, struck's considerate Head,
And each revolving Thought foretold him Dead.
Therefore with blefs'd intent, without delay,
He Wine forsook, and pensive went away ;
But yet remembred, in his Thoughtful Breast,
What unkind Civility they expreſt ;
When, with courageous Zeal, he durſt Correſt
Their ſecret Faults, and openly reſiect :
Tho' they return'd again uncouth Salutes,
Provok'd the Man by trivial nice Disputes ;
Yet his great Soul no ſcurr'lous Paſſion vents,
But ſcorn'd their little barking Arguments.
Thus a Majestic Lyon Ranging round
The Woods, and Plains of ſome devastate
[Ground,
Views, with contempt, and grasps with harmless
[Paws,
Ignoble Preys, unworthy's Royal Jaws.
But if a Fierce, and Roaring Tyger meet,
He lays the stubborn Victim at his Feet.

CANTO

JANUARY 2014

THE
Dispers'd.

CANTO. III.

[Bed,
TH E drunken God now rose from's reaking
 With bloated Cheeks, Swoln Eyes, and
 Throbbing Head :
 Thirsty, and eager of a' fresh Debauch,
 And loudly bawling for th' first Morning Coach ;
 To drown hesternal Crief in Gallic Wine,
 With th' old Cabal at th' unexhausted Vine ;
 But they were gone before the Rising Sun,
 So Old *Silenus* sat, and Drank alone ;

28 *The Dispensary transversa*, or,

For they ne're met, like this Cælestial Sot,

To stupifie themselves, but recreate.

With Healths to interchange facetious Wit,

And with Champaigne mix joc'lar Delight.

Now drowsy *Morpheus* loos'd his leaden Wings,

And unlock'd Senses ply'd their Native Springs.

Brisk Light reveal'd, and stretch'd th' Opacous
[Chinks,

When serious *Tribulus* arising Thinks;

With Manly Vigour, shakes of's Sleepy Chains,

And vinous fumes, exhal'd from's Active Brains;

His Thoughts, and Countenance were both Setene,

And whole Discourse adapt'd to's graceful Mien.

As they toge ther to the Consult went,

Where each resolv'd to wave that Argument;

Which various Cavils, and Distraction bred,

And, with joyn Force, the morbid Cause t' invade.

But

But first he told, how *Med'cinal Art* began,
Its dawning Day, full brightness, and its wane.
* How *Egypt's* Sick beg'd Health on every Road,
Whose Sons ador'd, then eat their *Sanant God*:
How learn'd *Arabia* cultivated th' Art,
Grandeur, and Beauty, stamp'd on every part;
Illuminated th' old confused Mafs,
Impress'd a Form, and shap'd th' irregular Face;
There *Pæan* was ador'd, and *Physic* shone,
Had gain'd Stock, and Staple of her own:
[bouring Climes,
Thence Fruitful Planets dispers'd from Neigh-
Erected's Top, and spread extended Limbs.
Till numerous Suckers from that Noble Root,
As under Covert, they began to Sprout,

* The Rise of *Physic* is said to be in *Egypt*, where they at first expos'd their Sick in by-ways, to request of all Passengers a Cure, if they knew any.

Did to decay th' expanded Arms reduce,
 Exhaust their Vital, and Nutritious Juice ;
 Till nothing's left, but th' old exuccous Trunk ;
 Thus to a Trade degenerous Physic sunk ;
 And *Pharmacopæs* its glorious Branches prun'd,
 Its thriving Grandure, rav'ously consum'd.
 Wealth to themselves, a good substantial Fruit,
 Collected, as their Bills they distribute.
 But *Pæan's Sons*, with *th' husk of Honour* Fed,
 And with a starving Title Satiated.

This Birth, this Youth, and this declining Age
 Of Physic, *Tribulus* told, and did presage
 What Monarch should th' expiring Art revive,
 And when that Sickly Faculty should thrive.
 But this my Muse forgot ——————
 —————— Tho' She remember well
 The Grand *Arcana Tribulus* could tell ;

Compriz'd

Compriz'd with the Verge of Nature's reach,
As far's her Sublunary power will stretch,
How the † Three Kingdoms Medicines do supply,
Bases of Health, and grounds of Pharmacy.
How latent Poyson couch'd in secret Cells,
With th' Antidote in the same Mansion Dwells ;
How Contrarieties undistinguish'd lie
In the same Womb, combin'd in Amity ;
Till th' active Fire dissolves the compact Mass,
Unty's the Bonds, and lets the Fury's loose.
How Metals do's submit to'ts potent Rage,
And powerful Gold that all things else Engage,
To its violence yields, and liquid form puts on,
When that commands the solid Mass to run.
How Minerals in vap'rous Fumes exhale,
Condens'd, and center'd into Spirits fall ;

† Physicians call the Three Fountains of Medicines, viz. Minerals, Vegetables, and Animals, Three Kingdoms.

32 *The Dispensary transvers'd; or,*
Which thus extorted, drooping Man revive,
And to th' unactive Hulk free Motion give:
How into various Shapes *Salts* Chrystralize,
Or fix'd, as Earth, the Power of Fire despise.

[brought
These were his noble Theme, from these he
Just Reasons to confirm's considerate Thought;
That from this Fountain might be drawn supply,
Sufficient to confound this Malady.

But here *Botanic Clinicus* arose,
And vegetable Succours did propose,
He taught what Stores prolific Nature yields,
Who spreads a goodly Carpet o're the Fields,
To give, not only strength t' exhausted Man,
By Food, supply'd, from every Fruitful Plain;
But wholesome Medicines, Breaches to repair,
In Sickly Morals caus'd b' Infectious Air;

Or

Or by a too luxurious Plenty brought,
As Spotted Symptom; frequently denote;
How from each shrub, and each neglected Weed,
By labour'd Skill, do's Pharmacy proceed.
What Roots the Nervous filaments Refresh;
What plumpous Juice repairs emaciate Flesh,
What Seeds on th' Urinary Canals Sown,
Drive the concreted sandy Matter down;
What Barks retard th' impetuous sanguine Floud,
Still Aguish joynts, and Charm fermented Blood.
How fragrant Flowers, an Oyly Balm Distill,
And serpentizing Pipes, by dripping fill.
What glutinous Plants cemented Ulcerous Sores;
What Nodes Discuss'd; what fractur'd Limbs restores;
How Juic & spissate, angry Spirits Tame,
Lull them to Rest, and quench ferbrific Flame;
Nor were these Simples Clinico's only Care,
But he describ'd what Pharmacopes prepare:

What Compounds Dying Carlos might retrieve,

What Mass to sinking Nature Life might give.

At last (how strange a tendency we find,

To show the bent where Nature is inclin'd?)

He would recite an Old Comœdian Wit:

† *When well we all advice a Patient right.*

[more,

Hold, *Trib'lus* cry'd, and Launch too far no

This fatal Rock you split on once before.

Mute *Clinicus* resolving what he spoke,

Stcod first, agast; at last the silence broke.

Now, from the *Vegetable Magazine*,

Storm the Disease, and first assault begin;

Draw out the whole *Alexipharmic Tribe*,

And *Dioscordum* furiously Prescribe.

† *F. cile cim uilemus omnes, reda consil. a egrotis datus Torenli,*

If

If that succeed not, new Assistance bring,
From th' Great Arcanum of the Pontic King,
And with some auxiliary Powders joyn.
By latent Pow'r, these may *the Fiend* appease,
And cure this Exanthematous Disease.

What still Small-Pox, Rough *Tribulus* reply'd?
Well, your Tale's told, and you enough have said.

Now after twice repeat'd, curvetting Cringes,
As if's corporal Machine mov'd on Hinges;
Nice *Finico* advanc'd his downy Youth,
Big with Philosophy, and latent Truth;
But th' Mineral Kingdom, he would not espouse,
Nor yet the Vegetable disallows:
But, before both, *the Animal* prefers,
As the true Fundamental ground of Cures;

36 The Dispensary transvers'd; or,
Because by Rules of great Hippocrates,
The sim'lar parts do sim'lar best refresh.
Hence, if dissolv'd, says he, obdurate Stone,
Best cleanse the Kidnies, and confirm their Tone.
Its Powder will force th' obstructed Urinous pass,
Where once it lay a firm conglobate Mass:
And Nature has Sympathic Med'cines found,
As putred Lungs, to close-cement with sound:
The Soul (if such an Airy Substance can
Be found by reason in Organic Man)
Builds, and Erects her Throne in human Brains,
Her Empire there, and Antient State maintains;
There bears Eternal, and Majestic Sway,
Which Five Subservient Senses must Obey.
Now, in this Reasoning Court, if Tumults rise,
Controul her Dictates, and her Power dispise;

if

If mutinous Senses scorn her just Commands,
Tho' no such grounds of Madness sh' under-
[stands ;]
What more that furious impetus restrains,
Restores i'h' irregular Dolt to Sense, and Brains ;
Than Spirits from that Osseous Covert drawn,
Or Powders given to re-instate the Man.

Therefore with these, let's try the last Effort
Collect our Strength, Young *Carlos* to Support ;
Who knows but dormant Life in Spirits lie,
Drawn from the source of Animality , }
And only wants a new Activity ?
To excite some secret Springs to bring it home,
To a New Habitation like its own :
From senseless Minerals, we may Salts derive,
But's living Principles, that Life must give :

But

But since these Apoplectic Fits do reign,
 And fix their chief Dominion in the Brain,
 Med'cines extracted from th' inhumane Skull,
 Tho' Laws of Fate they cannot disannul :
 Yet by a Sympathetic power will Cure,
And cool this curs'd Cephalic Calenture.

Patience ! What still an Apoplectic strain ?

But asses were they drunk, will drink again.
 What *Farce of Learning* then our Judgment leads,
 To try to Cure, as 'twere by Loggerheads ?

Thus, after long harangue, and learn'd Dis-
 course
 Of this Disease, to find th' Orig'nal Source,
 From every Kingdom something they prescrib'd,
 But all in vain, the Princely Patient Dy'd.

The News, as all ill News, has swiftest Wings,
 Fame to *Apollo's Court*, that Evening brings ;

Where

Where a great Council of Physicians met,
And *Pæan* their Majestic Pres'dent Sate ;
Who much perplex'd, and much unsatisfied,
Examin'd nicely, how Young *Carlos* Died ;
If b' ignorance the mighty Victim fell,
Or who the stupid Negligence could tell ?

At last, with great Concern, and small Debate,
He gave this Sentence, from his Chair of State :

' Altho' my Art, and Grandure to debase,
' He *Pharmacopes* do's servily caress ;
' Yet *Clinicus*'s success shall ever be
' Equal to any *Nurse* of Quality.

' Go *Finico*, dress nice, and live by Rule,
' Great in th' Applause of every *Dancing School* :
' With thee the Ladies ; thou, with them Dispense,
' But fly the Converse of a Man of Sense ;

My

' My jolly *Trib'lus*, and judicious Son,'
' So you retain your *serious Thoughts*, drink on ;
' One Life retriev'd by thy considerate Sense,
' Do's more than Ten Debauches recompence.

Then up the Council rose, and all express,
Just Indignation at the Curs'd Success.

CANTO

THE
Dispensary Transvers'd.

OR, THE

The Consult of Country Physicians.

Sylvestrem Temci.

CANTO IV.

NO sooner a declining Patient Dies,
But pregnant Ills breed always fresh Supplies ;
And Business grows on Men of pop'lar Fame,
Whom Merit Seldom recommends, but Name.
Thus the next Case, these Hero's undertook,
Caus'd by a thick Sulphureous City-Smoak,
(As they conceiv'd) were dire *Asthmatic Fits*,
Which puzzl'd , and tortur'd their sangacious
Wits ;

So, after long fatigue, and whole dispair,
The Patient's sent to take the *Country Air.*

Beneath the Foot of a large ambient Hill,
Whose Neighbouring Vales descending Riv'lets
[fill,
Where flowing *Thetis* brings a plenteous Store,
And, twice a day, glides by the dirty Shore ;
There stands an *Ancient, and Unpeopl'd Town,*
Which by a strange *unwatry River's Known* ;
The glittring Sun from of the Southern Streams,
Plays on the Place, and Courts with Amo-
[rous Beams ;
Whose scorching Rays, and violent Summers
[Heat,
The cold North-Easterly Breezes mitigate.

Amidst this Town's a large and spacious Plane,
Where Knaves meet Fools to cuzen 'em if they
[can ;

Wherin

Wherein on Pedestal erected high,
Stands, with wide Arms, expanded to the Sky,
Justice, with th' Ensigns of Her Majesty,
A Flaming Sword is brandish'd in her right ;
In her left hand, Scales to determine Weight :
This Pedestal's from Weather a retreat,
For the fly seeming-honest *Country Cheat* ;
And oft by Ceres's bounteous Blessing fraught,
By labouring Peasants from the confines brought.
Now heaps of Flesh, Fish, Fowl, this Mart supplies,
A glorious prospect to Luxurious Eyes ;
With Herbs and Fruit, as supplements to Meats,
To gratifie the curious Appetites.

Near to this Fabrick, by a prom'nen Sign,
Whose pendant Bush declar'd accustom'd Wine,

44 *The Dispensary transvers'd ; or,*
Five Sons of Pæan once on Consult sate,
And o're a Patient held a grand debate ;
Whom strong *Asthmetic Fits* severely prest,
And long Convulsive Throbs had swoin her
Object of Pity, thus the Sufferer lay,
Lab'ring for Breath, and fighing Life away.

Around Her Chamber, plac'd with artful Care,
Lay numerous Stores, and implements of War,
Drawn out, like Magazines from under Ground,
The unrelenting *Asthma* to confound.
Here Fifteen Pills, odd Numbers have a Charm,
That gave, like Centinels the first Alarm,
Did Pharmacope discharge at the Disease,
Altho' like random Shot, with small Success ?
There Pet'ral Powders that the Alarm took,
And their first Station presently forsook ;

Led on with Vigour by Old *Pharmacope*,
Secur'd a desp'rate, and Forlorn Hope ;
By blund'ring lucky Conduct, and Command,
These brought the Battle some time to a stand ;
Till *Asthma* rallying new, and fresh Supplies,
Sustain'd the brunt of's pressing Enemies ;
And forc'd contending *Pharmacope* to bring
New Succours to support th' inclining Wing
Of flacid Lungs, resisting ev'n to Death,
Tho' press'd, and lab'ring oft for Vital Breath ;
Till op'ning *Lobuchs*, and *Eleguaries*,
Empty'd the noysom Canal by degrees ;
Whose slimy Filth repuls'd th' incumbent Air,
And often brought th' *Asthmetie* in Despair.
Now cooling *Apozems*, and *Boluses*
With *Sulph'rous* Powder wrap'd in *Liqu'rish* Juice.

The Dispensary transvers'd, or,

Peculiar Weapons, and as sure as Charms,
Thence call'd, by Pean's Sons, *Specific Arms*,
Were draw out next t'encounter the Disease,
Who gain'd a Truce, but ne're cou'd gain a Peace ;
So *Pharmacope* the Patient to preserve,
Brought out his last, and Manual reserve ;
Resolv'd, in case of general defeat,
By *poynant Blisters* to make good's retreat ;
Or, Parthian like, declare an Obverse War,
And by stout *Glinger-pipe* secure the Rear :
So where as Victor he could not maintain
The Field, to give Diversion to the Pain.

Such Force, such Arms poor *Pharmacope* employ'd.
But's plain, he wanted Conduct, and a Head.
His Stores, and Ammunition all were good,
But the right Use he never understood ;

Which

Which was the best, and when the safest way,
Conquest by Force, by Party, or Delay.
For Judgment, and sound Learning, is their Source
From whence Med'cinal præscripts take the Force.
Without these Aids, there's no Man acts secure,
Tho' stumbles oft, and blunders on a Cure ;
For, as Experience guides in common Tracts ;
So, by set Rules, the meer Practitioner Acts ;
But if some puzzling Point the Judgment thwart,
The Path is lost, and Case eludes his Art.
Tho' by long Observation's glimmering Light,
He may perchance once deviate into right ;
But oft he Numbers adds to th' numerous Dead,
For want of Learned, Thinking, Reasoning Head :
Thus Ships dance safely o're the Watry Plain ;
The blustering Winds, and boylstrous Waves Dis-

When

48 *The Dispensary transvers'd; or,*
When guided by the Masters cautious Skill,
They steer'd from Point to Point, obey his Will;
But if they lose this sure directive Guide,
No longer safely on the Ocean Ride;
Tho' all their Tackle, and theit Rigging's good,
But fall a prey to Rocks, or th' angry Flood.

This made a Consult meet, 'cause *Pharmacope*
Increas'd the Patient's Bill, but not his Hope;
Who after Congees, and passart Salutes,
The grave preambles of subsequent Disputes;
What's to be done, by *Garrulus*, demands,
Who previous Questions always understands?
In Bleeding most unanimous agree,
But all unanimous are in their Fee.
So the next Question's *in what Vein, how much*,
Who shall perform, and give the gentle Touch?

Twas

Twas now the Time, when Sol, as Poets say,
In length'ned Shades proclaim'd declining Day;
Hastn'ing to hide his Head in th' Western Deep,
And careful Swains led bleating Flocks to Sleep;
When the grave Consult sate, where first began,
A Physick Nimrod, Pe'an's seconid Son; [Kill.
Thoughtful, and Grave, yet one of topping Skill,
Whose Sport was Blood, and whole delight to
From Hunting tim'rous Hares he first began
To learn to Kill, if need requir'd, a Man;
For which Apollo lov'd him more intire,
Caress'd him with an am'rous Desire;
As being a God delighted in the Plains,
And, with his Bow, oft tript it o'er the Lawns;
Hence with a careless Air in Med'cinal Art,
He sported, and contemn'd the Studious Part;

502 The Dispensary transvers'd ; or,
That by a long fatigue of thinking Brains,
Taught a Physician Skill with Sweat and Pains :
But sluggish Nature shows a plain Defect,
And 'tis apparent *an innate Neglect*.
'Tis true ; from Darkness who can make a Day ?
Or form an Airy God from common Clay ?
[Grave,
Yet what She cou'd, She did ; She made him
Sedate, tho' starch'd, and ne'er to Books a Slave.
Demure, and Serious, which in some Mens Eyes,
Is ground-enough to be reputed Wife.
But who disputes what *Physic Nimrod* is ?
He is in Consult, and his Vote is this.

Let's first from *Covert* the Distemper raise,
Then with *full cry* pursue the Asthmatic Cause.
Tho' various Mazes Nature does provide,
In which *Morbific Matter's* closely hid ;

Yet

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Yet by nice tracing we may find its haunts,
And strait supply defective Nature's wants:
Ten Ounces therefore Bleed from th' Median Vein
This may detect its lurking Hole, or Den;
As dropping Blood the Prey that's newly Slain;
Or show how Asthma doubling feigns retreat,
Yet Winds to'ts first, from whence it started, Seat.

This Sentence strangely pleas'd the Delian God,
Who Laugh'd, and Smil'd, and gave's consenting
When's Physic Darling did so close apply,
This Natural Hunting Allegory.
Thus a Fond Wife each word a kindness names,
And by one Model all her Actions Frames.
Strong Prepossession byasses the Sex,
And every thing is Charm that she affects.

Next to the *Physic Nimrod*, took his Place
A Loon of Physic of Amphibious Race :
One, by report, call'd *Pean's Eldest Son*,
Altho' I cannot say a Genuine One.

A Mass of Principles of Scotch Nation,
Lick'd into Shape by English Education.
So the kind Sun, by his bright Influence,
Which universally he does dispense ,
From rotten Wood begets a *Solond Goose*,
And fraught with Life, lets brooding Matter loose.
The *Med'cinal Art*, th' employ of Gen'rous Minds,
He makes a *Pedling Trade* of mean Designs ;
And all this sordid Maxim to maintain,
He never stoops too low that stoops to Gain.

Thus

Thus Pæan's Noble Science, and Intent,
Sinks to naught else, but *pure good Management.*
'Tis Gain that gives the set Grimace, and Dress,
By which some form of Physic, you may guess:
If Bacchus has not ting'd the formal Face,
And into florid, chang'd the bleak Grimace.
'Tis hopes of Gain, the wretched Miser's Curse,
That makes him Cant, and Wheadle with the
[Nurse.]
'Tis Gain that makes him Cringe, Comply, and
[Praise,
What in his Conscience he knows false, and base.
And thus this *Heterogeneous Physic Spawn,*
Half-wheadling Nurse, and half-Physician;
Stifles good Breeding, blending English Sense,
With Kirk Sincerity, and Scottish Eloquence,

Yet

Yet he has those, who gape at his Advice,
And swear the Scotchman's Craft deserves the }
[prize,
For what the Dr. wants, the Nurse supplies.

Now, from his Seat, this Scottish Mac began,
In Craft, and secret cunning, more than Man.
And must we Bleed ? Let us consider well,
What Tripos can't event of Bleeding tell ?
Therefore I move delay —

— But all arose,
And with just Zeal Mac's Sentiments oppose.
Howe'er it caus'd a tedious long Dispute,
What might's Opinion prove, and what refute :
So something they prescrib'd for present Ease,
Design'd, as well's a Countenance for Fees :

But

But, by the Influence of *cajoling Mac*,
Suspend their present Bleeding, and attack
The *Viscid Matter* lodg'd in private Cell,
With warm *Expectorats*, and some *Calomel*.

Then up! they rose, mean while the crafty Loon,
Plays all his Engines to b' employ'd alone.

T H E
Dispensary Transvers'd :
OR, T H E
The Consult of Country Physicians.

C A N T O V.

[Seat,
Midst a large Wood, there stands a goodly
From Winds, and blust'ring Storms a safe
[retreat ;
Where whistling Zephyrs always soft, and fair,
With murm'ring Breezes fan the Pest' lent Air ;
For tho' to approaching View it nobly Shines,
It stands on th' confines of metallic Mines,
Where the sweet Scents, with Vitriolic Fumes,
Convey a latent Poyson to the Lungs ;

Whose

Whose Spungy Caverns Air envenom'd fills,
And by insensible soft Breezes kills :
Here none of Violence complaining Lie,
But, as on downy Beds, expire and Die.

Around this Fabrick, plac'd on little Hills,
Grew Tulips, Crocuses, and Daffadills ;
All sorts of Flowers appearing Gay, and Bright,
And good for nothing but to please the Sight.
Its glaring Front is made of Looking-glass,
That ne'er wou'd represent an ugly Face ;
The whole outside's Magnificent and Great,
And looks, indeed, like a brave noble Seat ;
But th' inside Frame, untemper'd Clay cements,
And crazy Props support the Battlements.

This place a formal Goddess *Flattery* chose,
Here, both her Self, and Minions to repose ; [Oyl,
Her Tongue, and Lips were daub'd with purest
Her Limbs no mark bore of Fatigue, and ToyL ;
If any Limbs here Poetry can place,
In one who seem'd, *all over formal Face* :
Here no Plain-Dealer surely, and uncouth,
Molests her Peace, with bold uncivil Truth ;
But Shoals of Poets, like vernal Mackrel, throng,
From lofty *Maurus*, down to little *Tom*, } none.
To praise in Great Men Virtue, where there's
Here *Courtiers* dayly, at her Levy wait,
In Number always, as in Favour Great ;
Trim'd with Evasions, Shifts, and fine Excuses,
To hide intended, and design'd Abuses ;

Are taught in Complaisance to Laugh, or Grieve;
Next, whom to promise fair, and then Deceive.

Around Her Chair four Nymphs attendants stood,
So soft, so smooth is hardly Flesh and Blood;
Promissa first, that never kept her Word,
Company only for some Noble Lord,

Whore,
That pays, with Gold, his Gamester, and his
But pays his Debts with's Honour, and no more.

Next to her side, was sly Mendacia joyn'd,
False, and a common Jilt to all Mankind;
To Lords, and Porters, and to Dray-men known,
To all the Scum, and Scoundrel of the Town;
Only She's Various Dress; in Quality

She's Complement, and in Porters downright Lye:
For Simulatia is the Courtier's Friend,
Fit to begin Intrigues, and fit to end:

The Nat'r al Spring, by which their Actions move,
The pliant Engine of their Hate, and Love ;
She is the Darling, both of Old, and Young,
Sleek, Smooth, and Soft, with a fine Oily Tongue ;
Trappings of Words, and Gallantry of Speech,
With fair pretences t' believing Wretch.
Show *Simulatia*'s Art, and Management,
By which she promises, with full Intent,
To do ten Thousand things she never Meant.

At last Demure, starch'd *Hypocrisia* came,
An Holy, Formal, and Religious Dame,
Appropriated to *Sectaries* alone,
Mongst whom she's Common, and Notorious
I saw Her there, in secret Ambush lie,
Close, and in covert under Sanctity ;
To all Compliant, yet to all reserv'd,
If by that Freedom Interest is not serv'd :

The Consult of Country Physicians. 61

For all She do's, is done in Masquerade,
Gain is her Conscience, and Religion Trade.
Her outward Gesture never does explain,
Whether She flatters Heav'n, Her self, or Man.
 Howe'er, to these, the Scottish Mac repairs,
And th' Smiling Goddess wou'd fatigue with Pray-

ers.
Phœbus had now dispers'd a New-born Ray,
And o'er the Ocean spread a second Day;
The Feather'd Crew their early Notes begun,
And, from their Perch, salute the Rising Sun;
When pensive *Mac*, oppress'd with anxious Cares,
Address'd *Blanditia* with his awkward Prayers.

Almighty Goddess, whom the Court adores,
And every well-bred Sycophant implores,
Since I am Born, and *Caledonian* Bred,
And *Mac* by primogeniture Succeed,

I may

62 The Dispensary transvers'd; or,

I may pretend to claim peculiar Grace,
For a True Scot, deriv'd from Malcolm's Race,
Never appear'd, but with a double Face.
With formal looks, I can vouchsafe to Smile,
And with the same, can unsuspected Kill;
I taught th' unlearn'd to act by secret Springs,
With promis'd safety, how to Murder Kings;
And shall this Puny Learned Physic Crew,
All my hopes baffle at one interview?
By over-hasty Cures, shall such as these
Prevent my oft Reiterated Fees?
What General Conscious he's an over-Match,
Will power beyond a prudent Interest stretch?
And in one Battle terminate a War,
Which he may Husband, and Spin out with Care
And shall these Noddles? —

With that he bit his Lip, with curs'd Intent,
And show'd an angry Smile, and close Resent.

The Fawning Goddess, affable, Serene,
Pleas'd with's Address, yet now displeas'd agen,
Because a Scot suspected a Design,
But yet with seeming pleasantness She grants
Full Satisfaction to the Loon's Complaints,
And straitway crafty *Simulatia* sent
To Visit, as by way of Complement ;
But chiefly by Her Blandishments and Arts,
To represent the Doctor's Skill, and Parts.

Clad in thick Mists exhal'd from watry Fens,
In which She wrapt her crooked close Designs ;
Swift to the Town Fair *Simulatia* Flies,
But, at the confines, lays down Her Disguise ;

And

And there assumes *Gossipia's* Shape, and Mein,
Gossipia, Maid of Honour to the Queen:

All-Knowing, and vastly learned in Conceit,
Big with one grand Infallible Receipt.

Who thus accosts the Patient —

Can such Artillery of *Glasses* fail?

Such arm'ries of *Gally-pots* not prevail?

Tho' close Besieg'd, doth *Asthma* hold out still,

In spight of all the Force of battering *Pill*,

Or Liquid *Bolus*, that vile stinking Pot,

By which 'tis sometimes in Subjection brought?

Is it entrench'd, unmoveable, so strong,

Fenc'd with the Palisadoes of crooked Bone?

Then stop all Commerce, and prevent Supply,

Till you reduce, and starve this Enemy.

But do not Bleed, for Blood's the Life of Man,
And so much Life, as Blood, you'll still retain.
Strange Madness! thus prepost'rously to try
To save your Life, by squand'ring it away.
But my Receipt, Infallibly will Heal,
As my experienc'd long success can tell.

Here listning Mac in haste the Door unbarr'd,
Rush'd in the Room, impatient to be heard;
Applaudsthe Lady, as he could no less,
For tho' He heard the Plea, He fear'd Success.
Then crys,-- Madam,-- Oh! Lady --- well,
For here alternate Passions, Fear and Joy,
Had almost took the Doctor's Breath away.
At last the Chain of Thoughts return'd again,
And thus, with prefac'd Kindness, Mat began:

Madam, your Words so plac'd, not only show,
Great Reason, but your solid Judgment too,
And zealous Care, thus to preserve your Friends,
When Health on Five *considering Heads* depends.

Here Fair *Gossipia* starts --- Five ! *Mac* alone
Is more than Five, or Five times Five in' one, }
Such mighty Physic-wonders he has done. }

He cur'd my Lady *Trumpington* of Wind,
Escaping oft *undecently* behind :

He cur'd my Lord --- of the Lord knows what,
And Old Sir *John* that's Dead, *almost* of th' Gout :
But feeble Age prevented hop'd Success,
And Fourscore Year's a desperate Disease.

Before the Course of one revolving Moon
Was pas'd, tho' Malice says not half so soon ;
He Cur'd a Boy, whose deviating Blade
Made a cut Finger gape for present Aid.

Strange Miracles ! Such wondrous prodigies,

Celsus could scarce do more, or Mac do less.

Then, with a glance serene, *use him alone,*

So Smiling, dropt Her Honours, and was gone,

And Favourite Mac attends Her out of Town.

Meanwhile the Patient long revolving lay,

Whether to give Consent, or Disobey.

Now anxious Fears Her dubious Thoughts express,

Then hope alternate promis'd fresh success ;

And now resolv'd, then unresolv'd, to try

New fangled Methods for Recovery :

So with perplex'd, and long amusements toss'd,

All reg'lar Thought by too much thinking's lost.

At length, in hast return'd, Mac eager came,

Fully resolv'd to play an after game :

88 *The Dispensary transvers'd, or,*
If *Simulatiat's* Art did not procure,
Strong Sole unshaken Interest in the Cure,
To try what powerful Charming Gold would do,
Both feel the Patients Pulse, and Nurses too.

But now, how strange unkiad, and hard is Fate,
The *Consult* these Designs Anticipate:
Who, sooner than expected, joyntly met,
And seriously resum'd their last Debate.
To which compliant *Mac* gave free consent,
And always do's to what He can't prevent.
Bleed Her, says He, but why the *Median Vein*?
Let's in the Breast the *Vena Cava* drain.
With that the rest derided what was said,
And blush'd at th' ignorant Anatomic Head,
So his grave Sentence fell ——————

From

From his bright Orb, now the *Meridian Sun*,
To send down pointed sultry Beams begun ;
And view direct th' expanded Hemisphere,
Whilst on the ground contracted shades appear.]
When th' hungry Consult hast'ly went away,
For craving Appetites brook no delay.

THE
Dispensary Transvers'd :
OR, THE
The Consult of Country Physicians.

CANTO VI.

[Morn]

C Lose Scent of Fees, the next approaching
C The Consult made to their Old task return'd
Again Dispute, again resume Debate,
T' obstruct, if possible, impending Fate.
Where Dr. Hogan, when He'd nicely ty'd,
If locks in pendant Bag were safely try'd,
And Sword genteelly dangled by his Side,

THE

Wi

With smiling Gravity the Silence broke,
And solid Truth, with learned Ignorance spoke:
From a fat *Belgic Muse*, this Doctor sprung,
And only was *Apollo's Natural Son*:
Half fledg'd in Learning, first to *Leyden* flow,
That great exchange of Physic, Old and New;
Where he that pays the most, grows soonest Wise,
And Scholars barter Wit, like Merchandize;
Where Learning Thrives, and Physic gains Esteem,
Proportion'd, as the Student serves his Time
To some Professor, eminent in Skill,
Who teaches Methods, how by Art to Kill.
Thus *Hogan's* dub'd *Apollo's* Son compleat,
And Three Years Service made him Wise, and
[Great.

But now the *Learn'd Apprentice* sticks not here,
The *Dutch Soneta* wants a *Gallic Air*:

Thence

Thence he to France, to gild his Conversation,
And burnish out a Leyden Education,
Full fraught with Physic Aphorisms, ran
To make the Scholar now a Gentleman;
To polish rough Dutch Manners, 'cause he knows
Sick Ladies best are pleas'd with Learned Beaus;
So have I seen, by Artifice, and Slight,
Base Metal tinsel'd o'er, deceive the Sight;
And, by a crafty subtle Management,
True Gold, or solid Silver represent.
As the first Seeds of Education Sprang,
So they grew perfect, and compleat in Man:
Still Heterogeneous, still of different Size,
A compound Mass of Contrarieties.
The grave Physician, like a Beau, attir'd,
And Female Carriage, with a Manly Beard.

Dutch Stifness manag'd with a Gallic Grace,
Assured Friendship with a double Face.
With equal Care, he aim'd promiscuous Health,
Of Rich, and Poor, without reward for Wealth.
Thus Charity, design'd for Patients Ease,
Was made Decoy, and stalk'd for future Fees :
For now the Practicer the Profit finds,
And Reaps the Harvest of his first Designs ;
The Seed he scatter'd, brings a plenteous Crop,
Beyond Desert, tho' not beyond his Hope,
Who pliant Conscience e'er cou'd better stretch
To make the Poor a Lure to catch the Rich ?
Tho' the ungrateful Man cannot deny,
They lent their Bodies to instruct him by ;
And mutual Kindness to himself was done,
To lay a Physic Basis, where was none.

[least;

Now Hogan speaks --- Twelve Ounces Bleed at
Great Etmuller says, large Bleeding's best.

My Old Professor --- S--- X --- s always said,
Whom e'er convulse *Asthmatic Fits* Invade,
From turgid Veins, let lib'ral Currents run,
Or else the gasping Patient is undone.

Thus far he wisely said, and *all consent*,
He well rememb'red what his Master meant :
But Scot approv'd not lib'ral Bleeding good,
Unless th' Effusion were of *Royal Blood.*

Next Hogan Garrulus, a Physic Elfe,
Who Folly sees in all Men but himself :
Some say, he was *Apollo's* Genuine Breed,
But th' Child in Cradle hurt his tender Head ;

His

His noisy Sense, and hidden Learning's found,
Like empty Casks, discover'd by the sound :
In Conversation so eminently dull,
And of emptiness so profoundly full,
Lin'd with a Doctor, as with Coat of Mail,
H' obtrudes an Argument, and will prevail :
Eternal Din gives his intrinsick Weight,
And tho' the Scholar Errs, the Doctor's right.
Titles usurp'd, thus justifie a Claim
To Sense, altho' 'tis only in the Name.
So a Rich Miser sneakingly retir'd,
Basking in plenty, by the World admir'd ;
Common Respect, and Reverence demands,
From his vast Wealth, and value of his Lands.
Like *Æsop's* Ass, who could no Merit claim,
But by his Golden Saddle got his Fame ;

The Dispensary transvers'd; or,
With bombast termes, assuming Confidence,
He makes the gaping Rustick swallow's Sense:
But if the Learned start a puzzling Case,
The Doctor then, *as if in Love's an Ass;*
Wrap'd in himself, thus *Garrulus* enjoys,
Free'd him perplex'd, and cursed learned Toys,
All the good Sense that can arise from Noise.

At last he Magisterially decreed,
The Patient, if She valu'd Life, must Bleed;
But him the *Median*, nor the *Cava* please,
From the *Basilic Vein*, he promis'd ease;
For the *Basilic* was a *Royal Vein*,
Convey'd the Blood back to the Heart again.

A Surgeon Lives, says he, in yonder place,
Where Brazen Head denotes the Master's Face ;
Swift as the Lightning Summon him away,
The Case is Desperate, and I cannot stay ;
Doctor *Van Hogan's* Sentence I approve,
Emit Twelve Ounces, and *that's just enough.*

Nice Judgment ! strange Anatomic Skill !
Some Men have Learning, 's Fools have Wit at will.
What do's the Blood in the *Basilic* run
Back unto th' Heart by Circulation ?
Profound Mysterious Truths ! Were ever known
Such *open Secrets* but t'himself alone :
Now all this Learned trifling in Discourse,
Enough to make me Deaf, and *Garr'lus* Hoarse,
Was but with formal Pompous Noise to show
What a *pretence to Business* ought to do ;

To

To let the Censuring vulgar understand,
His Patients are as num'rous as the Sand ;
Tho' others say as confidently true,
Small, like his Merit, is his Number too.

Hold Muse, the *grand Phlebotomizer's* come,
The most apparent Phyz in all the Room.
His haughty Front, like burnish'd Brafs, do's shine,
And is the Original of his Sign ;
Bold looks, and Words supply his want of Sense,
A never-failing stock of Impudence :
This half-strain Mongrel motly Physic breed,
Pursues all Game, yet seldom do's succeed.
You can't him Curr, or Hound, or Mastiff call,
For lie is a *Compendum of 'em all.*

The Doctor coupl'd with th' Apothecary,
Chymist, with Barber, every thing is he,
Fragments of Science make his Symmetry.

So have I known a crafty Trading Knave,
Such as compound with Creditors for half;
Compile from various Stacks a various pelf,
Like Sally-Pirate, to enrich himself,
After some time a broken Bankrupt made,
Because he rightly understood no Trade,
But aim'd at all, all manag'd with deceit,
So prov'd at last *a through substantial Cheat.*

Howe'er by their unanimous Advice,
He with reluctance did Phlebotomize;
Well pleas'd the Surgeon was employ'd, but still
Angry the Doctor had not leave to Kill.
So grumbling, at their wrong proceedings fir'd,
Made scornful Congees, Spake, and then retir'd.

What

What have your learned Consultations done,
 I have dispeopl'd half the Town *alone*.
 Such Pills, like hand Granado's I have sent,
 As made proud griping Landlords lower their
 [Rent.
 Some few, by your destructive hands are Slain,
 But thickning Crouds of Tenants fell by mine:
 If Heaven, or Hell, will condescend to bless
 My future, equal to my first, Success.
 I doubt not shortly but to Rule alone,
 My self sole Monarch of th' Unpeopl'd Town:
 By me Great L — A. fell —

With that *Machaon* rises from his seat,
 Impatient thus to hear th' audacious Weight,
 With what affront, with what contempt of Sense,
 He durst obtrude his *positive Ignorance* :

Not

Not only boast the Villanies he'd done,
Like Buccanier's when plundring of a Town;
Not only Rob, but justifieth Offence,
As prosperous Villany never wants pretence.

Machaon, by desert, himself did prove
Apollo's Admiration, and his Love;
He all the parts of Solid Learning knew,
Was a Physician, and a Scholar too:
He search'd the Depth, and Root by Industry,
Of all the Mysteries of Philosophy;
Whilst others on the bark of things did play,
In 'laborate trifles lingring time away.
He weighs how Causes, with Effects, conjoyn,
And how discordant Principles combine;
What may their Fury tame, if grown too high,
Or what excite their dull Activity;

82 *The Dispensary transvers'd; or,*
What Nature's drooping Spirits will revive,
And by what Med'cines proper to relieve;
When to detrude obstructing costive Slime,
When to exhaust, and pump the ropy Phlegm;
If thinner Matter break thro' Nature's Laws,
How'n ambient Fumes t'exhale the watry Cause.
Such Scrutinies *Machaon's* Wits employ'd,
Whose solid Judgment, and whose reasoning
Defect of Forms, and old Receipts supply'd.
In short, his Faults are known, and they are such,
He knows his Merit, and himself too much.

Then made *Machaon*, with an easy hand,
This *Termagant of Physic* understand;
How, in so many Arts together joyn'd,
A jumbled Mass of Nothings was combin'd!

Pretence

Pretence to all, made him lose right to one,
As Gamesters grasping, all are oft undone.
So the Sage Spake —

Go thou, ting'd deep in Impudence, enhanse
Amongst the Vulgar, pompous Ignorance;
As thou art Born, think level with the Crowd,
And equal to such Thoughts in Words be Proud;
Proportion'd to thy little Sense, and Emprick Skill,
Vexatious Corns, and *all cut Fingers Heal*.

These are the Bounds, and Actions of the Sphere,
By which such great Opiniators Steer :
But here no mighty Physic-Arts profess,
We know too well thy *Solid Emptiness*.

Confounded at this sudden reprimand,
Phlebotomizer gap'd as at a stand :

And

And tho' his Stock was great in Impudence;
 Yet he seem'd Bankrupt then, and wanted ev'n
 [pretence.]

Then sage *Machaon* gave's consenting Vote,
 Approves their Judgment, and disputes it not.
 If Bleeding fail'd he dictated alone,
 (Tho' all agree unanimous as one). }
 What next in course was fittest to be done.

Then up the Doctors rose, and all combine,
 To terminate this *Consult at the Vine*.

FINIS.

The Author being Absent, the following Errata escap'd the Printer's Care, which the Reader is desir'd to Pardon and Correct.

PAge 3. l. 12. Read *Scene*, p. 7. l. 4. *Sennertus*, p. 9. l. 5. *Health*,
 p. 9. l. 18. *Filth*, p. 12. l. 18. *ruder*, p. 13. l. 2. *insertNeat*, p. 14.
 l. 11. *drawing*, p. 19. l. 4. *drew*, p. 17. l. 12. *His*, p. 18. l. 7. for *Clinicus*
r. Finico, p. 29. l. 11. *Plants*, p. 31. l. 1. *within*, p. 32. l. 16. *Mortals*,
 p. 33. l. 15. *Spissate Fayces*. p. 34. l. 9. *Revolving*, p. 38. l. 3. *inhu-*
mate, p. 47. l. 15. *safely*, p. 59. l. 13. *Sh'as*, p. 60. at the end of l. 4.
 put a Full-Point. and for the Full-Point at l. 6. a Comma, p. 70. l. 5. *try'd*,
 l. 6. *ty'd*.

Miss-Spellings, and such as do not destroy the Sense, we hope
 the Reader will Correct.